

**COMPRESIÓN DE TEXTOS ESCRITOS - TAREA 2 (1 x 7 = 7 puntos)**

You are going to read an extract from *Spanish Steps*, in which Tim Moore, a journalist and travel writer, describes how he traversed Pamplona on his pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela, with a donkey called Shinto as his companion/beast of burden. Choose the option (A, B or C) that best completes each statement. Write the letter in the corresponding box on the right. Question 0 has been completed as an example.

**PAMPLONA**

Pamplona would be Shinto's most significant test to date: a narrow-alleyed city of 200,000, with a worldwide reputation for the drunken goading of farmyard quadrupeds. In two months they'd be running with the bulls, and here was an opportunity for a dry run. In the rain.

It was an ordeal that demanded advanced refuelling. Negotiating Shinto up a puddled bus lane through the nascent suburban rush hour I spotted a grocery, and tied him to a drainpipe outside. When I emerged, with a roll of gardening refuse sacks and a 2-kilo bag of muesli, a crowd of kindly-minded strangers had congregated around Shinto: elderly housecoated shoppers, backpacked schoolkids, a postman. I looked from face to gleeful face, I listened to the sing-song cries of '*Burro!*' The rain was forgotten – people were happy, and it was down to me. And soon they were even happier, watching this flappy-ponchoed fool unload his donkey on to the pavement, and stuff everything into giant plastic bags, and reload him, and dump a huge sack of breakfast cereal into a washing-up bowl. Shinto snuffled the lot, then rounded the performance off by sneezing raisiny oat-phlegm all over the postman's back.

The camino returned to the riverside, meandering towards the city centre past fields and allotments that persisted almost up to the town walls. En route Shinto had a bit of an across-the-fence set-to with a yappy little Shetland pony, which he won after a muesli-powered hoof-stamping snort-off. Then it was over the river, up on to the cobbles and, after a couple of tourist photocalls and a one-sided donk-lore discourse with a cig-wizened umbrella-toter, under a huge, mossy arch and into Old Pamplona.

I'd been advised by Hanno to bypass cities, and actually ordered to by the Donkey Sanctuary. It wasn't hard to see why, but I had vowed to try at least one. And why not the first? Pamplona had the history: founded by the Roman general Pompaelo, it was ruled by the Moors for a century until 799, and thereafter repopulated with Jews and Frenchmen as an ethnic bulwark. Throughout the Middle Ages the city was a vital pilgrim pit stop – unusually, ailing travellers were allowed to stay more than a single night (many, in consequence, pegged out in Pamplona). And flicking through the *Liber Sancti Jacobi* in Miguel Indurain's bar I'd come across the pertinently bracing tale of a pilgrim whose wife, horse and chattels are variously slaughtered and stolen by an evil Pamplonese innkeeper. There! Actually, that isn't the end: the bereaved husband is stoically preparing to continue, the couple's two children on his shoulders, when Santiago himself appears with a donkey. 'Here you go, son,' he says, 'and leave that innkeeper to me.'

I'm not sure if St Jim was smiling on me that day, but everyone else was. They stood in dirty old doorways to beam and point as the camino took the path of most resistance, winding up circuitous alleys wide enough for a fully laden donk, let alone the parping procession of delivery trucks we trailed behind us.

Shinto's ears were swiveling about on red alert, eventually settling into a one-forward, one-back set-up for 360 degree surround-sound coverage. I held him on the shortest leash, my knuckles white around the rope, not daring to spare any eye time for the cathedrals, *refugios* or any of the other stately old lovelinesses that I was no doubt passing by. Once I was momentarily distracted by a parked Lamborghini, and before I knew it a bulging pannier had brushed a hefty men-at-work road-hole barrier and sent it crashing to the cobbles. Nothing substantial falls over in a Latin city centre without triggering at least a small domino effect; I was righting an adjacent moped when a volley of squeakily guttural abuse rained down from a mercifully lofty window.

The alleys opened into boulevards, and Shinto's fan club swelled in noise and numbers. 'Burro!' they shrieked. Or: 'Burrico!' Or: 'Burriquino!' As we traversed the central business district, the appealing incongruity of our presence seemed complete. Waiting for a little green man amidst a pavement full of briefcase carriers I was treated to handshakes, back pats and a heartfelt 'buen viaje'; as I stepped off the kerb I felt part of the most portentous convoy to set foot on a zebra crossing since Paul McCartney left his shoes in the Abbey Road gutter.

Over a couple of technically demanding roundabouts, a slightly erratic passage over a narrow bridge and suddenly we were past the railway tracks and out into what was today a very green belt, Shinto chewing off roadside weeds with happy nonchalance. He'd done it. We'd done it. The two of us, together, as a team. I ruffled his crest, patted his poll, and sent him off up the road with a blokeish slap on the dock. If this thing was the Grand National, we'd just made it over Beecher's Brook.

Source: *Spanish Steps*. Tim Moore. Vintage 2005

**Example:**

0. According to the narrator, ...

- A Pamplona is famous for its broad streets and avenues.
- B Shinto's passage would provide practice for the running of the bulls.
- C the people of Pamplona are reputed for taking good care of farm animals.

B	✓
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1. Outside the grocery, the narrator felt ...

- A displeased at the commotion he had caused.
- B embarrassed at being the centre of attention.
- C somewhat proud of the merriment he had brought.

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2. Shinto ...

- A chewed his breakfast in great haste.
- B smelled the food quite audibly.
- C turned round to eat his oats and raisins.

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3. In his confrontation with the pony, Shinto ...

- A gave in and brayed as he trotted off.
- B had to be restrained from going over a fence.
- C was louder and more assertive than the smaller animal.

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4. The narrator... the recommendations he'd been given concerning donkeys and cities.

- A disregarded
- B heeded
- C sneered at

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5. The narrator implies that the tale from the *Liber Sancti Jacobi* was intended to ...

- A boost the pilgrims' morale.
- B make travellers wary of Pamplonese innkeepers.
- C teach pilgrims that the *camino* must be completed, no matter what.

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6. The narrator's distraction with the Lamborghini ...

- A elicited some loud chuckles from a window.
- B had a knock-on effect.
- C made him knock over a road sign.

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7. When they were out of the city, the narrator ...

- A fed Shinto some special fodder.
- B felt as if they'd just come out of a steeplechase.
- C let the donkey frolic around for a while.

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# soluciones

## COMPRENSIÓN DE TEXTOS ESCRITOS

### TASK ONE – MY BLOCKBUSTER SUMMER JOB

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
A	B	J	I	D	G	H

### TASK TWO – PAMPLONA

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
C	B	C	A	A	B	B

### TASK THREE – BREAKFAST BUFFET

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
C	C	C	B	C	A	C	A	C	A	B	B